The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

VOL. XXII NO. 13 OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, MARCH 25, 1925 PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS'S NOTICE: The Collegian is published twice a month by the students of Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Subscriptions, $1.00 per Semester, payable in advance, postage prepaid. Single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to The Collegian, Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Make all checks payable to The Collegian.

Entered as second class matter October 4, 1922, at the postoffice, at Oakland, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1163, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 4, 1922.

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

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THE VALUE OF THE GOOD BOOK

A student was overheard to remark the other day that he would never feel at loss for a hiding place for his money as long as there were books around. He explained that if anyone was interested enough to pick up an old classic and look through it, that that person would not steal, and on the other hand, the man with criminal tendencies would not think of touching such a book. Whether the student's statement is true or not, or whether such a "safety-vault" is safe, will remain a matter of conjecture. A recent editorial in a daily paper puts one in a dilemma. Does the criminal's taste for reading tend toward the classics? The article is as follows:—

"It is interesting to note the literary tastes of the inmates of Folsom prison as reported by the county librarian at Sacramento. Best sellers, she says, are not in demand by the men. Only fiction and novels dealing with deep problems are called for, but even these are not as popular as works of philosophy, psychology, the sciences, architecture, short story writing and journalism. Among the favorites, too, are works of travel. There is indeed a wealth of pathos in this —a wanderlust which men marooned for years, perhaps for the balance of their lives, can never satisfy save by proxy.

Had the love of reading been instilled in them in their earlier years who knows but that the majority of these men would be free citizens instead of derelicts under lock and key?"

The truest, gentlest and noblest characters are those who have been under the influence of good books in their youth. Good reading means character development, and, in the last analysis, the college's purpose is to make men of its students. Might is not be a good policy to except the seemingly great amount of reading which is given you at Saint Mary's, as a means of bettering yourself rather than as a duty imposed upon you by the instructor? Might is not be a good policy to build up a library of friends—a place to hide your money?

PRESENT COLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES DEMANDING SUPPORT

The students at Saint Mary's know that there have been good baseball teams representing their school in the past three years and this year's Varsity is no exception. Some of the members of the student body take it too much for granted that the team should be a consistent winner. Over confidence is a dangerous thing—especially where the supporters of the team are concerned. Make it a point to cheer the players along —let them know that you appreciate their good deeds, and if they should make mistakes, just overlook them. Adverse criticism never did anyone any good.

It has always been a characteristic of Saint Mary's that the students were found to be backing the team at all times and under all conditions. Let us see that this whole-hearted support continues. Boost the team at all times, attend the games, and let the players know that you are behind them consistently.

In a like manner, the student players in "For All the World" demand your utmost cooperation. They, together with Mr. Hagerty and Mr. Le Fevre, are spending night after night and week after week—all for what? Simply for their college. In view of the time they are spending for your benefit, is it no more than right that you should do all in your power to make "For All the World" a success from every standpoint? The players will judge its success from the audience, and their friends alone will not make a crowded house.

Last but not least—the Annual. The Annual is another activity which causes a few members of the student body to work, work, work. Yet, all the work they may do goes for naught, if the student body is not heart and soul with them in their efforts.

PLEASURE MAD

Students of national progress have indicated of late that the State of California has acquired a new mental complex. It is a very subtle characteristic, not always discernable in every individual, but as seen en masse, its existence is difficult to deny. The nature of this complex is one quite common to prosperous communities. For behold, we are at last accused of making pleasure a business. With a cynical smile, we could dismiss this as a left handed compliment. Nevertheless, a profound reason underlying this criticism of us, justifies its consideration.

Californians, in a greater degree than the rest of our American brethren, are pleasure mad. We may blame the climate. We may attribute this tendency to natural surroundings conducive to joy seeking But we cannot deny that our every effort is not tingend directly with pleasure as an objective. The cause of this, is nothing less than one which has been flared in golden letters over the face of the earth—Economic Prosperity and Contentment.

When people as a whole have supplied their economic necessities, they perforce turn to seek luxuries. A most natural tendency. As true Californians, we must be wise in our own generation. Let us take advantage of the knowledge of this economic law and foresee California's disastrous end. We cannot permit pleasure craven minds to dissipate her natural endowments, either by abuse or neglect. Californians, let us remember that some day we shall have to pay for the pleasure ride on this golden poppy train of prosperity.

A STORM ON THE BAY

The dark green water of the bay is still;
Upon the surface dances the sun's rays.
Then slowly to the south appears a haze.
The clouds are seen to gather on the hills
Of the coast, seeming to await the will
Of some commander. Now the roving gaze
Turns to the water where the white-capped waves
Grow larger as the wind the surface mills.
No longer do we see the misty shore
Where lies San Francisco, for which we're bound.
The rain is beating down methodi'ly;
Waves hit the boat and cause the spray to soar.
Then shore, the slip, again we're on dry ground.
Then we pity the poor sailors at sea.

—J. MALONEY, '28

SUCCESS, VANITY AND WISDOM

"Vanity of vanities" said Ecclesiastes, "vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." Such is the conclusion of life Solomon drew. And he was the wisest of men we understand. With an amazing insight into the apparent complexity of human life, he was able to see through its superficiality and advise man that real happiness is not of this world. Unlike many critics, Solomon did append a panacea to his renown Ecclesiastes. For his message was of great moment then, the message of Wisdom; his panacea for all earthly miseries was the advice to withdraw the hearts and affections of men from the empty toys of this world. At first glance this philosophy is beyond reconciliation with our mundane existence, but Solomon's message is just as applicable today as then.

Ecclesiastes, or Koheleth as he is sometimes known, spoke out of the fullness of heart. Seeing man struggle and wander through life with the eternal quest of happiness ever present, Ecclesiastes could not withhold his message, but devoted his efforts to setting forth a rule of conduct for man. His was a great task, that of finding happiness for mankind. Today he would be called a dreamer, a Utopian. The monumental task of providing happiness for each individual through advice or conduct, was by its nature fit to be relegated to the realm of idealism. Yet, time works strange wonders. And we recognize the golden worth of Koheleth's words even in our wise generation.

"Ecclesiastes" is a book full of intensely human interest. It deals with aspects of life which are always the same and endeavors to solve the eternal problem. The basic thought of Koheleth, repeated some twenty times, is that "all is vanity", in this world in which we move and have our being.

He is not a scoffer or pessimist as it may at first appear. On the contrary Koholeth sympathizes with mankind and the troubles of humanity are familiar to him. But being an excellent preacher he dwells on the positive side of life telling man to fill himself with the healthful bread of Wisdom. In his own wisdom Koheleth distinguished between knowledge and wisdom: "And I have given my heart to know prudence, and learning, and errors, and folly: and I have perceived that in these also there was labour, and vexation of spirit." Vanity and the consequent vexation of spirit is the message that rings throughout his book.

Koheleth has been accused of drawing the conclusion that life is a paradox: life is made to be enjoyed and yet enjoyment is "vanity". It seems however, this is entirely due to a fallacious interpretation of his message. His advice is not to withdraw beyond the sombre walls of cloisters, but rather a positive substitution of Wisdom for Vanity. "Nothing under the sun is new, neither is any man able to say: Behold this is new for it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us." Showing man that it is folly to place our hearts and pride in the small successes of this world at the expense of our future life.

He bases his assertion that nothing is new under the sun, in that, our humdrum life is no more than the constant repetition of the same vicious circle. So why should a little success cause pride in man? If our activities here are but endless repetition, there can be no advancement in this world. Yet, there are among the mortals those who depend upon their own power to work out the salvation of the world. Little success in science has foolishly encouraged men to hope to solve the mysteries of God and man. Over three thousand years ago, Koheleth warned man of the vanity of such things. A true message is ever useful.

—W. J. MARCINIAK, '25.

DID YOU NOTICE?

At the second baseball game with California there was a noticeable personality to the Saint Mary's bleachers, so radically different from that observed at the first game. Throughout the nine innings the student body backed up the team even when a majority believed that a win was next to improbable.

It all goes to prove that genuine students do not have to be told twice and soon appreciate the better method.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummingham, among the hills of Western Massachusetts. In her diary his mother thus records his birth:—"Nov. 3, 1794—Stormy. Wind N. E. Churned. Seven in the evening a son born." Bryant's poetry will be better understood if we emphasize two facts in his early development. In the first place, he was a descendent of John and Priscilla Alden of Mayflower stock and reared in strict Puritan fashion. Bryant's religious training determined the general attitude of all his poetry towards nature. His parents expected their children to know the Bible in a way that can scarcely be comprehended in the twentieth century. Before completing his fourth year, his older brother "had read the Scriptures through from beginning to end." At the age of nine the future poet turned the first chapter of Job into classical couplets, beginning:—

"Job, good and just, in Uz had sojourned long,
He feared his God and shunned the ways of wrong.
Three were his daughters and his sons were seven
And large the wealth bestowed on him by heaven."

Another striking fact is that the prayers which he heard from the Puritan clergy and from his father and grandfather in the family worship, gave him a turn toward noble poetic expression. He said that these prayers were often "poems from beginning to end."

Bryant had few educational advantages,—a little district schooling, some private tutoring by a clergyman, seven months' stay in Williams college, which at the time of his entrance in 1810, had a teaching staff of one professor and two tutors, besides the president. Bryant left Williams intending to enter Yale, but his father, a poor country physician who had to ride vast distances for small fees, was unable to give him any further college training.

Later in life he became New York's representative citizen, noted for high ideals in journalism and for incorruptible integrity, as well as for the excellence of his poetry. He died in 1878 at the age of eighty-four and was buried at Roslyn, Long Island, beside his wife.

In reading Bryant's work I found it simple, but very forceful. The words he uses are strong, homely and suggestive, but at the same time they are in harmony with the subject. Bryant confined himself to the four line stanza and to blank verse. I found in Bryant's poems a lesson, whether it was a lesson of faith or duty, of freedom or patriotism, the lesson was always there.

His work covered two general themes, one—nature, the other—national spirit. In handling the themes Bryant proved himself an artist. In contrasting them I have taken some of his passages as being particularly good. We find in "Thanatopsis" beautiful words, expressing the love of nature:—

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Then in his poems, such as "Our Country's Call", we find words that arouse our patriotism and love of country.

"Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood stream blots the green."

Emerson has given one of the best criticisms of Bryant. "He is our native, sincere, original, patriotic poet. He is original because he is sincere — a true painter of the face of the country and of the sentiments of his own people."

—FRANCOIS BIANE, '28

THE CONVENTIONAL WHIST PARTY

For quite a few years I have had ample oppportunity to study human nature when my subjects were fully unaware of my observations. Ever since I was a small boy my mother has taken me with her to parish whist parties. She played the game and was quite lucky I must say. More than once we brought home the bacon and more than once we walked home empty handed but not down hearted. During the time my mother was playing I had to sit and watch the players, some two hundred at least, move from one table to another with a smile or a somber look on their faces, for twenty long hands.

When I was about fifteen years of age the sight of these people became more interesting to me, for I was just beginning to observe things and ponder upon them. The crowds became more and more interesting as the years went on, and today this same multitude of would-be gamblers certainly does amuse me. I could sit for hours and watch the maneuvers of these men and women. To tell a story of a parish whist would be the description of all whist parties. Club whist parties are not the same as those of the parish. They are not so true to life. "If you see one circus—you see 'em all," would apply to the parish whist.

Let us imagine ourselves in the parish hall. It is about eight-thirty in the evening. The ticket collectors are standing at the doors taking entrance slips from the male and female gamblers as they file in one by one. Almost immediately the hooks and nails on the side walls become filled with millinery and shoulder covering, namely, hats and coats. The children are running in between the rows of tables in a mad endeavor to dispose of ten cent tickets on a hope chest or a lady's bicycle.

About nine o'clock everybody is organized and the manager of the whist party blows his whistle to start the dealing of the cards. The ladies generally pass around the deal of cards and then the first hand is on. Five minutes later the hall becomes filled with shouts of, "Score!" "Score!" The young damsels of the parish, in their best dresses, rush to the rescue and stamp the score on the individual cards. The fun has just begun.

At every whist party a parish ever gave, there must be one old bald-headed Dutchman who furnished entertainment by making a scene in the middle of the card game. (It may be a woman.) He never misses his act and his lines are always the same. Never forgotten. He plays along peacefully until some quiet lady with no whist experience or weak eyes trumps his ace and throws away a trick. "Vot's the matter mit you? Don't chu know no better—a drump is never put on der partner's ace—remember dot. Ach Himmel —vot people."

These are his words and I have heard them so often now that I know them perfectly. After the scene I am satisfied that I have my money's worth, so I leave the gambler's den confident that the scene will be reacted upon the next occasion of a parish whist party.

B. HALLIGAN, '27.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

The coming of the automobile marks the passing of the horse. Although the horse may be said to have been slow and certain, while the machines are fast an uncertain, the passing of "Old Dobin" has been the cause of great industrial development, or we might say, the effect. Not only has machinery helped industry and commerce, but it has also increased travel and transportation. With the horse in the background and machinery in the front we are now enjoying one of the greatest periods of progress ever known. As yet this forward movement shows no signs of decreasing, and with the coming of new inventions it seems as though the producing power will be greatly increased.

When the first automobile was built the people at the time had no idea that this self-propelled vehicle would do away with the horse. It was thought that the invention of the automobile was the work of some insane person. But gradually there were more of these "autos" brought into use and the people began to take an interest in them. Finally people living in the city bought automobiles and sold their horses.

As automobiles became more numerous people began to travel on long trips. For, it was found that in a one hour drive in a machine, as much territory could be traversed as had formerly taken "Old Dobin" all day. Later it was found that a self-propelled vehicle known as the truck, made the transportation of goods much quicker and at the same time cheaper than the slow truck-horse method of hauling.

Due to the success of the automobile and truck, it was not long until farm machinery such as tractors and harvesters were manufactured. With the increase of self-prelled vehicles and machines to plow and harvest, the horse ha sdisappeared almos entirely, because the farmers soon found that it was quicker and cheaper to use machinery, than to have a number of horses doing the work of one tractor. A horse has to be fed all year whether it is working or not, whereas a machine only consumes fuel while it is being run. So we might go on, telling the reason why the horse has lost its place as a utility. But we are reminded of a line in an age old song when we think of the faithfull brute—"Gone, but not forgotten."

—LEO ROONEY, '27

The eleven were playing a game,
And one tried to make a great name,
On the ball got a hold,
And touched the wrong goal;
Oh, the Angels are singing his fame.

THE TELEPHONE

Perhaps the telephone is the most human of all mechanical devices, for, what other creation of man can talk and be talked to; what other machine has that warm personality, that almost human atmosphere surrounding it. Just an ordinary, commonplace telephone to most people, but if it were only possible to see behind the little black instrument that sets there on its stand and catch a glimpse of the romance and pathos which it alone knows. When we are sick, who is our greatest friend; what is it that enables our friends to talk to us and give us a word of cheer? It is the telephone. Ever handy and almost ever serviceable; ready to convey your message, whether it be one of joy or sorrow; reaching out through the storm, the fire or the thousand other encumbrances of nature, the telephone stretches its arm and embraces all.

The human atmosphere that surrounds the telephone is due, in a large measure, to the assistance that this mechanical device is constantly in need of. Take for instance the first human influence in the routine of the ordinary telephone conversation, the so-called operator. Whether she operates or not, that is for personal investigation; but, nevertheless, she is stationed at her switch-board, ever watchful for the little light that signals her to her duties.

What a similarity she bears to the priest in the confessional. Day by day she is forced to stay at her post, receivers clamped tightly to her ears, and listens to the multitude of tales that pass over the wires. Perhaps burdened to the limit with troubles of her own, she must bear many others that the world knows nothing of. For what human can witness the miseries of others without in some measure sharing them. Then again, what stimulus, for an acute sense of humor, might be found in the ear phones of the operator; the "back fence" quibble of catty women; the emotional lover's quarrel; the Italian bootlegger endeavoring to explain to his customer the merits of his wares; the business man reciting to his "friend wife," the "night at the club" speech. All very humorous as you can no doubt imagine. Amidst all this humor and pathos, chained to her post, is the woman operator. In truth, the world owes her a tribute.

From the central office, wherein the operator is located, runs large cables containing many wires which transmit our conversations into the various exchanges and districts of the country. This equipment is constantly in need of watching, for the slightest defect will disengage thousands of circuits. A large force is constantly on hand and at the first registration of trouble they are on the scene. Weather conditions matter not to them for no matter if the sun shines or the snow lies deep on the ground, their work must be done. Work of this type requires almost super-human effort at times. While we are warmly tucked away at home cursing the lack of telephone service, perhaps somewhere the "trouble gang" is battling its way through a blizzard attempting to clear the trouble and complete your call.

Perhaps it will not be long before we shall witness the passing of the old telephone system and the installation of a new and more efficient one, entailing the principles of radio telephony. Whether this will come about in the near future is difficult to say, but if the new science continues with the rapid studies of the last ten years, it cannot be long. For the time being, the telephone reigns supreme. Although it is said "good bye" to every day, no one means it, for everyone realizes its charitable services.

—CHARLES PACKER '27

MY COMPOSITION

A piece of blue-bond paper,
A well-filled fountain pen,
A look of sore distraction—
Silence—and then
I start my composition

My scope is really limited,
My vocabulary small,
My thoughts seem all impossible,
They will not do at all
As I write my composition.

I feel that I am much abused,
I swear it isn't right'
I grit my teeth and heave a sigh,
But—the paper still is white,
And there aint no composition.

Then from out the very air,
I grab a word or two,
I string them off and add some more,
But, I know they'll never do—
Still—I have my composition.

T. COAKLEY, '28

LAW SCHOOL ELECTS OFFICERS

A meeting of the members of the law school student-body was held after class Thursday, March 12, 1925 for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected: President, J. J. Kirby; vice-president, Edward Bettencourt; secretary-treasurer, John P. Meany; sergeant-at-arms, George Vaughns. Students of the law school are usually extraordinarily busy and heretofore have not found time for this election. However, nearing the end of the term, some felt the necessity for representatives to care for the activities which will close the school year.

The members hold themselves greatly honored by the weekly and sometimes semi-weekly visits of the Dean, the Honorable Thomas J. Lennon, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California. His conducting of quizzes has become an attraction rather than an embarrassment to the students and all feel confident of passing the oral examination to be given by the Dean in May. Fourteen hundred questions on six fundamental legal subjects, (not in subject order, but greatly varied,) answered correctly will be a good test of a student's ability.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR

It will be of interest to all about to enter the upper division, that the faculty committee has made its final decision regarding the giving of Junior Certificates. Certificates will be given to all who have merited at least sixty-four units of college credits. No student will be permitted to register as an upper division man unless he has completed the requirements.

It is not with the end in view of preventing men from going into the upper division that these certificates will be issued, but rather to give the lower division a more definite standing to strive for.

CLAUDE T. SILVA LEAVES

Claude T. Silva, of the class of '24 has discontinued his position as teacher at Saint Mary's. Mr. Silva had been giving several courses in the High School department and has been very successful. He was also carrying the Law School course given in the evening, in which he was making excellent progress. He is at present taking part in his father's business, and his vacancy at Saint Mary's has not yet been filled.

PREP LETTERS AWARDED

High School basketball closed here last Friday with the awarding of letters to the members of the squad. Orth Sisemore, President of the Student Body opened the meeting with a few well directed words concerning the meaning of the awards. Brother Gregory congratulated the members of the team on their fine record for the year and their noticeable sportsmanship on every occasion. Basketball coach, Joe O'Neil, also congratulated the members of the team. He explained that although the squad made a very favorable showing, it was handicapped by injuries and sickness, so that during the months of January and February, the same five were never on the floor at the same time.

Edgar Hinkel, after the awards had been given, promised that the swimming tank would be open next week, that the tennis court could be used at any time and that the handball courts would be ready for use within two weeks. Al Westlake asked the Preps to remember the game with California on Saturday and to be there to root for the team.

Those awarded letters were: Captain Joe Cunningham, Edward Tazer, Edward Swaggerl, Robert Yore, Melton Fitzgerald, Charles Gavigan, Charles Geenan, Joseph Kelleher, Archie Marshall and Corter. Two letters were given yell leaders Archie Marshall and George Looseley. Harry Bertain and James Kendall also received awards for football and basketball managership respectively.

JUDGE LENNON MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AT THE BAT

From a picture in one of the dailies of Judge Lennon, Dean of the Law School, we must conclude that he stills delights in what used to be his favorite sport. Judge Lennon was a baseball player in the younger days of Brother Agnon. The and in an ill-fitting players cap ready to "land out a homer." Brother Gregory is standing behind the plate doing the "umping" with his characteristic smile, while Norman is ready to catch the ball which he knows will be knocked over the fence.

THE LITERARY CONTEST

The time has come and passed for the returns from the Collegian Literary contest. Although it was necessary to beg the students to submit literary material, they responded with considerable alertness, and the amount of work turned in rounded out to a large amount. Among the articles submitted were essays of considerable worth, followed by a number of very characteristic and dainty poems. There was no shortage in short-stories. Although there is no course given in the College curriculum, which divulges the secrecies of writing the short-story, quite a number of very model examples of that form of the written art, were submitted.

And now, with all of this material in the hands of the honorable judges, Brother Agnon and Brother Henry, all contestants are anxiously awaiting the returns. Evidently the five dollars which was offered for the best short-story, poem and essay, was quite an inducement. Daily the current whisper among the literary dilettants is, "I wonder who will win the prize."—"I don't think I have a ghost of a chance"—etc.

But above all that, we are proud of the work which has been submitted. It all shows evidence of honest striving on the part of those who submitted the work, to attain to a high standard. Many of the articles are worthy of publication in the annual, but only a few may be chosen due to the lack of space available for the literary section.

However, to those who contributed articles, we, the staff of the Collegian Annual, wish to extend our sincerest thanks, for the earnest cooperation and good will which has been shown. It is only in this way that we shall be able to achieve the success which we hoped to attain in this year's annual publication.

"It won't be long now"—watch for the Annual, perhaps your article will appear in it. If it does you shall be doubly rewarded for your efforts. If it doesn't, do all you can to boost it, knowing all the time that you have done your bit.

CAPTAIN DANCEY SPEAKS ON CITIZENSHIP

Captain Dancey, a veteran of the World War and at present employed by the Government to give talks thoughout the United States, upon the duties of the citizen, gave a very interesting and profound talk upon that subject in the College Gymnasium last Monday. Brother Gregory introduced the speaker.

Captain Dancey began with the fundamental fault of the bad citizen—too much business. He said that Americans take their citizenship as a matter of business and not in a spirit of loyalty. Reiterating what Brother Gregory had said in introducing him, the Captain told of the responsibility that each man had as a citizen, to his flag and his country. The more one knows of his country, the better he will be able to take up his responsibilities and therefore the speaker recommended reading. America is reaching a crisis unless more interest is taken in the government and things American. Thousands of American citizens go to Europe annually and know nothing of America, and Captain Dancey defied anyone to show him more beautiful spots than nature has endowed upon our own United States.

Another main fault of the American citizen is that they have gone pleasure mad to the exclusion of everything else, according to the speaker. Duties are forgotten for pleasure; the significance of Christmas in all its beatuy has disappeared because of this madness. The Fathers of our country were directly opposed to this new hedonism which is gripping our nation. In view of this fact, Captain Dancey ended his delightful talk by asking the students of Saint Mary's to get into the spirit that dominated the men who founded these glorious United States.

At the request of Captain Dancey, Arnold Kardoza led the student body in a few yells and the school song.

PSYCHOLOGY EXAMS CAUSE MUCH DISCUSSION

It is quite possible, that some of the lower divison men are at a loss at present, as to whether they have any brains or not, after taking the psychology examination given by Professor Hagerty this quarter. Instead of the task of writing furiously for two hours and filling a sixteen page blue book, they were handed a list of some twenty statements which were to be answered: true or false. Thus the midnight oil burned and the many weary hours of strenuous study were of no use since the examination was purely of the nature of an intelligence test. After two hours of confusing study most of the students found themselves more and more confused. No doubt many trusted to luck, which failed some of the better students and aided appreciably several of the poorer ones.

Theoretically such tests are to give an index to ones ability, but they have fallen far short, since they take into consideration only the intellectual side of the student. Although intellectual tests are interesting experiments yet it is certain that the students greatly despise the meter stick method of grading during examinations.

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SAINTS DROP SECOND GAME AND SERIES TO CALIFORNIA

For the second time in as many weeks the Saint Mary's Varsity went down to defeat at the hands of the California Bears. This time the series went with the ball game, for which we are truly sorry. The final score, as near as could be approximated, was 9 to 2.

Lefty King started the game for Saint Mary's and showed little of his last season's form against the Bruins. He was wild, and could not seem to tighten up in the pinches. He walked the first man up in the first inning, and after disposing of the next two batters by the fly route, he allowed two hits which brought in two runs. Lefty bore down after this, however, and the Bears were unable to get to him until the fifth, when on four hits and a walk they scored three runs. This finished King and Tommy Farrell took up the burden of turning back the Bruin batsman. Tommy got along fine until the eighth inning, when he too had his difficulties, although much is to be blamed on the fact that his teammates gave him some ragged support during this frame. California scored four times. A walk and three hits tells the tale.

The Saints managed to get men on bases in every inning, but they failed to come through when the hits meant runs. Up until the ninth inning fourteen men died on the bags, and this is a rather bad average for a team such as the Phoenix. The boys never stopped fighting, however, and in the ninth, after Rowan drew a pass, Biggs doubled to right. Rowan scored on Westlake's hit, and Biggs tallied when Bettencourt was safe on Naunan's error. The rally ended here, as Bill and Gardiner were easy outs, and we now await the third crack at the Berkeley collegians on March 31.

Ralph King had the big leaguers guessing at Stockton last week. Rickey took an interest in the left hander and according to Ralph taught him some new tricks.

SAINTS TAKE FIRST GAME FROM SANTA CLARA

In a somewhat listless game the Saint Mary's Varsity defeated the University of Santa Clara in the first game of a three game series by the score of 10 to 2. Lefty King did the hurling for the Saints and he did it in a most creditable manner, letting the Broncs down with a mere three bingles. The Phoenix men, on the other hand, had their batting togs on tight, Gardiner, Bettencourt, and Bill in particular. The curly headed first baseman connected for four out of five, included among which was a slashing double.

Saint Mary's began to sew the ball game up in the first inning. Gardiner doubled, and Westlake walked. Bettencourt then singled to fill the bags. Jack Bill came up and scored all three when he hit to right center for two bases. This ended the scoring for the inning. Lefty King then proceeded to have his one bad frame for the day. He issued a couple of free passes, and these along with a hit and an error allowed Santa Clara to bring two runs across.

The Saints came back in their half of the inning, however, and on three hits put as many more runs across; and again in the fifth they added two more to the run column. Things went along quite calmly from this time until the eighth inning, when the Saint Mary's sluggers again broke loose, connecting for three bingles and two runs. Santa Clara went out in one, two, three order in the ninth, and the ball game was safely tucked away.

Keep your eyes on the Saints

Coach "Joe" O'Neill is fast whipping his baseball squad into shape. He has some very promising material, but as yet the boys play in flashes.

Patronize Collegian Advertisers

SAINTS BUNCH HITS ON TELEPHONE COMPANY

On Sunday, March 8, the Saint Mary's Varsity treated itself to a couple of long innings and amassed nine runs, while the Pacific Telephone Co. team from San Francisco was only able to garner four tallies off the delivery of Lefty King. Biggs, Westlake, Strader and Grant did the heavy stick work for the winners.

Things started off with a bang in the Saint Mary's half of the fifth inning. Dondero flew out, but Strader followed with a single and scored a moment later on Grant's long triple. The Telephone then hit King with a pitched ball, and thus placed the big left-hander on first. Biggs then scored both Grant and King with a clean single into right, and then came in himself on a hit by Captain Al Westlake.

This performance was repeated in a somewhat lesser degree in the very next frame, three runs resulting instead of four. Bill singled, but was forced at second by Dondero. Grant singled, and King took life on the Telephone shortstop's error, thus fully populating the sacks. Biggs then came up and cleaned the works with a triple to right.

Lefty King allowed ten hits, but kept these well scattered and at no time was he in danger.

Marian Biggs has started hitting the ball again. He has been in a slump for some time. After Coach Madigan had given him a few days rest he came back and broke up a ball game with two triples. Against California he annexed three bingles for himself.

* * * *

Spike Meuter is getting plenty of work these days. He has done the dirty work of pitching to the batters before each ball game and never complains. That is one of the requisites of a good pitcher. With the control that he is acquiring it looks as though Spike will have a jump on the other chuckers next year.

DIAMOND DUST

Alby Farrell broke into the game against Portland last Sunday and did himself proud. The first time up to bat he hit one into left field which looked like a homer. The left fielder seemed to know his man however, and played back against the fence. The local newspapers said that one of the rookies got the longest hits of the day but we concede the honor to Alby. Al was telling Red Strader that he thought sure he had a home run and said to himself, "Gee, I'm certainly hittin'em good this year."

* * * *

The Varsity had a tough time last week being defeated four times. Of course the boys met three major league clubs. On all three of these occasions the Phoenix looked like a winning ball club. Rickey, manager of St. Louis, said that the Saints had one of the best college ball teams he had ever seen. Not so bad.

* * * *

Leo Rooney pitched a nice game at Portland. Although he allowed thirteen hits most of them came after boots had been made in the field. In other words Leo was not responsible for many of the runs.

* * * *

Slip Madigan is teaching Tommy Rowan a new way to stand up to the plate. Rowan has trouble hitting because of a false motion he makes just as the pitcher lets the ball go. Tommy is a wonderful fielder and as soon as he gets his eye—look out.

* * * *

The Phoenix will have a three weeks rest after April fourth. From then until April 31, when they play U. S. C., there have been no games scheduled. The boys may need a rest before then as the games have been coming pretty regular.

* * * *

ARNOLD KARDOZA

Arn Kardoza brought the Stockton fans to their feet with a beautiful catch against St. Louis. He caught the apple with one hand running backwards full speed. Arn also collected two blows for himself. The crazy town boys were yelling for Rickey to look the young fellow over.

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Sports

ALBERT FARRELL

PHOENIX DEFEATS ALL STARS IN HITTING BEE

In one of the hardest hitting exhibitions of baseball seen on the local lot this season, the Saint Mary's Phoenix defeated the McCormack's All-Stars last week, 12 to 6. Leo Rooney was on the mound for the Phoenix and he took things extremely easy with the result that the All-Stars managed to nick him for fifteen bingles in nine innings. All these counted for naught, however, for they only accounted for six runs, while Rooney's teammates scored twelve on fourteen hits.

Larry Bettencourt and Jack Bill were the heavy stickers of the day, along with Jimmy Cronin of the All-Stars. The Saints players each connected for three hits, each also including a triple. Cronin hit five for five. Pat O'Rourke and Ducky Grant also hit three base swats. In the fifth inning the All-Star defense cracked, and the Saints put over 4 runs on one hit. In the eighth, however, they laid down a regular barrage of hits, and scored six times.

Westlake led off with a hit. Bettencourt and Bill repeated in rapid succession, and Westlake scored. Pat O'Rourke then socked one and didn't stop running until he found himself resting on third. Grant and Rooney followed with hits, and both scored on Kardoza's infield hit.

BETTENCOURT ON HITTING SPREE

A week ago Sunday Larry Bettencourt went wild with the stick against the Klawans-McMullin team from San Francisco, and in five trips to the plate he hit the ball to each of the three corners of the lot, and then to show that he was absolutely impartial he placed a fourth hit right up against the Gym on the first bounce. Net result—two triples, a double, and a single. Will somebody please trump that?

Outside of Bettencourt's great hitting exhibition it was not so much of a ball game. Leo Rooney sent the transbay team back to the four-track city with three measly hits, and the final score was 9 to 0 in favor of Saint Mary's. The Saints found Dutch Rock's delivery rather simple to solve, and they scored two runs in the first inning, three in the fourth, and in the fifth, two in the sixth, and to the sum total of these they added one in the eighth. The game ended soon after without anything further of importance happening, with the exception of the fact that Bettencourt, with an ear to ear grin, raced over the grandstand after the last man was out, to say hello to somebody.

Patronize Collegian Advertisers

SAND

Webster's dictionary defines the word "sand" as a gritty, coarse, kind of earth, generally found near water. But to many sand means, grit, pluck, the ability to keep your feet when you are fighting a losing fight.

However, sand is not always an asset that enables one to take a physical beating without whimpering, for the man with sand will find mental abuse much more painful than physical suffering. To be secure in your own convictions, though they are not popular with your colleagues, is the grit worthy of praise, even more than the grit that enables one to bear bodily hurts. To uphold one's religion even at the risk of danger, whether mental or physical takes sand.

To go to the dentist, spend an hour nervously waiting in his office, hear the nurse say, "You're next", step into the dental chair, put in an hour's session with the dentist and his tools, and then have him hand you a bill that looks like the German war debt—that takes sand—or nerve. If there is anyone living that can go through this without batting an eyelash, he certainly possesses sand.

In the time of the Spartans, every Spartan was supposed to be a man of courage, in fact, it was their proudest boast that their nation produced no cravens. The Romans were also very plucky being able to suffer both mental and bodily pain without change of expression. The American Indian, too, was not daunted by suffering.

Sand in the sense of pluck is a virtue that everyone should strive to possess, so that he may fight the better in the battle of life.

—BENNY MARTIN, Prep. One B.

Tommy Farrell has again shown that he has the stuff. Last Wednesday he pitched a beautiful game against the Oaks. In reality they only got two earned runs off him. Against California, four runs were made off his delivery but they came through an errror on the part of an infielder with a double play in sight.

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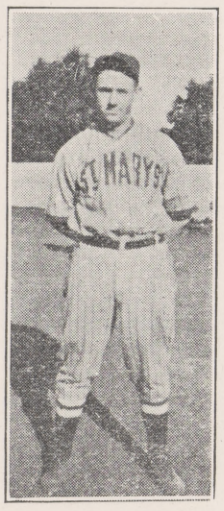
OAKS DEFEAT SAINT MARY'S

Although the Saint Mary's Varsity outhit the Oakland Coast League club 8 to 6, it came out on the short end of a 5 to 2 score when the final man was out. Tommy Farrell pitched an excellent brand of baseball, and had he been given a little better support in a couple of pinches it is quite likely that a different tale might have been told.

In the first inning, after Lafayette struck out, Brubaker got on an error, and was sacrificed to second by Cooper. He scored when Buzz Arlett selected one to his liking and placed it against the right field wall for two sacks. In the third Reese singled and scored on Lafayette's triple. Another triple and a sacrifice fly gave the Oaks another run in the fifth. Bratcher's home run accounted for their fourth run in the sixth, and in the eighth Cooper scored on Westlake's error.



"CURLEY" GARDINER

The Saints two runs came in the seventh. Gardiner walked and went to second on Westlake's hit. Bettencourt was safe on a fielder's choice after forcing Westlake at second. Gardiner and Bettencourt both scored when Bill hit a long three bagger to the left field fence.

PREPS DEFEAT ST. IGNATIUS

In a hectic and interesting ball game here last Monday, the Saint Mary's Preps defeated the St. Ignatius High School, eight to seven. Sam Illia was on the mound for the Preps and chucked a good game. In the first inning, Sam was hardly warmed up and the transbays boys managed to get four runs off his delivery. After that inning Sam pitched fine ball. In the fifth inning the opponents gathered two more and added their last run in the sixth.

In the fourth the Saints brought forth their first blood on hits by Kalich and Smith which accounted for one run. In the fifth two more crossed the rubber. Bud Soto was the stickster who did all the dirty work in the fifth and not satisfied with that, came right back and started the fire works in the sixth. The seventh inning saw the downfall of the Ignatians when Lydon walked, Kalich singled over third after Smith had walked also. Cunningham then got in the way of a fast one and scored one run. Soto layed the ball in front of the plate on a squeeze and Smith scored. The Ignatian catcher threw far and wide to first and Kalich walked across the rubber with the winning run.

Bud Soto featured with the bat and it was his willow that sent the transbay boys back defeated. Smith also shown with some clever base running. Saturday morning the Saints tackle the Commerce Bulldogs in San Francisco on their grounds.

DIAMOND DUST

At the second California game, there was one Phoenix member who was determined to get his hits off of Naunan, the the jinx of the Phoenix. Biggs stepped up to the plate with much confidence and placed a beautiful hit. It looked like a holiday for Naunan, but the rest of the boys could not duplicate.

Patronize Collegian Advertisers

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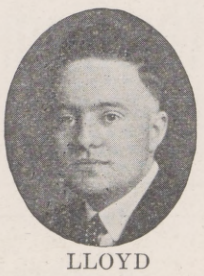

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On and Off the Campus

HERBERT COPP

A CLUMP OF GRASS

What thoughts arise from nature's breast
So lovely 'neath the pale blue sky!
Why e'en a clump of waving grass
Doth bring us tidings from on high.

The slender blades of silver green
Together bound in family ties,
Send forth a charm, all so serene,
We breathe a peace in joyful sighs.

The stalks aswaying in the breeze,
And bowing under spears of blue,
Remind us, that on bended knees
Is worship offered good and true.

B. PIUS, '28

SCHOLASTIC STANDINGS OF COLLEGE MEN POSTED

For the last few days the bulletin board has been of supreme interest. While all were watching with anxious eyes for the returns of the examinations, they were greeted with what seemed to be a record, but which was a chart showing the academic standing of the college men. The chart indicates the number of units yet to be made by the deficient students in their classes. No doubt many have been surprised to learn that they have a considerable task before them before they will have regular standing. They also see the necessity carrying a full course if they intend to graduate.

"I once loved a girl who made a fool out of me."

"What a lasting impression some girls make."

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PREPS LOSE TO SACRED HEART

The Irish from Sacred Heart met the Irish of Saint Mary's on St. Patrick's Day on the Saint's diamond and went down to a fighting defeat, 6 to 2. A fighting defeat because a double play broke up a delayed rally with the bags populated. As an spectator put it, the Prep's looked anything but "green."

Jack O'Keefe let the San Francisco boys down with four hits, but St. Patrick was smiling on his rivals. Yore and Murphy, though small in stature, showed up well with the willow and in the field. Manager Le Sage has arranged a return game and the Prepsters are looking for a glorious revenge.

PREPS DEFEAT TECHNICAL HIGH

On Monday, March 16, the Preps defeated Tech 7 to 0. Sam Illia pitched for Saint Mary's and allowed only four scattered hits. Captain Joe Cunningham knocked a home run in the sixth inning scoring three runs. Noonan came into the lime-light with a three base swat, while Soto, Murphy, Lydon and Smith each connected for two base hits. Joe Lydon checked the Bulldogs only chance to score with a sensational catch in the sixth inning. Of all the games played this year, the Preps looked their best. With a little more practice they may consider themselves one of the best around the bay.

STUDENT PLAYERS TO PRESENT PLAY AT DOMINICAN CONVENT

Once again, the student players of Saint Mary's College will present their play at the Dominican Convent in San Rafael. This time it is to be "For All the World." "Dante, the Wingbearer," "Julius Caesar" and "Ecce Homo" have each been presented within the last three years. For some reason the trip is always hailed with joy by the Student Players. Maybe it's the eats and then again, maybe it isn't.

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JUDGE LENNON VISITS LAW SCHOOL

Judge Thomas J. Lennon assumed the role of instructor in the Law Department last Thursday evening on the subject of Personal Property, due to the absence of Attorney Andrew L. Perovich, who had been called to Los Angeles on legal matters.

The Law of Fixtures was the subject at hand and the Judge discussed the cases in a manner most beneficial to all. The Dean showed that the law governing fixtures was determined by the circumstances of the particular case and not by any set rule. The Judge also lectured in general on the profession of The Law and cited incidents from his own experience and that of his colleagues which were pleasing and inspiring to the members of his "Baby Law School" as he terms them. We hope our Dean visits The Department often, for his lectures are stimulating and his very presence animates the students in the study they have chosen.

LECTURES GIVEN IN ENGLAND BY BROTHER LEO

It was learned from a local newspaper that Brother Leo, Professor of English at Saint Mary's, who is at present enjoying his vacation in England, gave several lectures before a Catholic Literary Society in London. We know well of Brother Leo's ability as a lecturer and are sure that it was quite a treat to have an opportunity to hear him.

JUST ONE

Just one deed of kindness,
Just one glance of love,
Will make some erring sinner,
Think of his home above.

Just one word of comfort,
Just one joyful sigh,
Will mend some broken spirit,
Or dry a tearful eye.

Just one cup of water,
Just one little prayer,
Will fly away to heaven,
To greet us when we're there.

—SCHOLASTIC JOHN, '28

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES

St. Joseph's Academy Student Players under the direction of Mrs. R. Williams, Miss Lillian Wolohan and Mrs. E. Smalley, presented a two act comedy, "A Grain of Salt", at Saint Mary Magdalene's Hall in Berkeley Thursday evening, March 19th for Father Driscoll's parish. Besides the comedy the Student Players also re-presented their St. Patrick's Day program of twelve numbers consisting of four Irish songs, three recitations with Ireland as the theme, a horn solo, three Irish jigs, and a march by the Junior Orchestra. In addition, Mrs. G. W. Orton played two beautiful violin solos and very generously assisted with the music that accompanied the songs and dances.

The program, which lasted all of two hours, won the enthusiastic praise and applause of the entire audience and exceedingly pleased Father Driscoll, the pastor of the parish. Father Driscoll evidenced his own pleasure and the gratitude of his parishioners by saying many laudatory things about his fifty young guests and their able directors who had provided such a delightful evening. Moreover, he had refreshments served to all who had taken part in the entertainment.

The Junior department of Saint Mary's has long been noted for its excellent entertainment. All of this splendid work is the direct result of the expert direction that Mrs. R. Williams, Miss Lillian Wolohan and Mrs. E. Smalley have given to the very young, but very willing and very capable student players.

The Preps recently have fallen victims to the Academy teams on three occassions. The hundred pound basketball team was defeated by a score of 12-0; the hundred pound baseball team lost a well-played game 12-11 while the 135 pound squad took a 10—8 licking at the hands of their lighter opponents. Brother Julius, athletic moderator at the academy, has been having wonderful success with his teams; the baseball squads beating opponents many pounds above their weight, while the ninety-five pound basket-shooters have just completed a season of nineteen contests without the loss of a single game.

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Books

LOUIS DA MASSA

"RELIGION AND THE STUDY OF LITERATURE"

By Brother Leo

It may seem strange, but a piece of literature cannot be found that has not in some part of it to do with the Divine Being. This fact caught the attention of Brother Leo and under the spur of inspiration he produced a valuable little book entitled "Religion and the Study of Literature." In this work he endeavors, and succeeds with great facility, to show that religion is closely related, if not connected, with poetry, fiction, the drama, the short story and the essay.

In the introduction Brother Leo tells us that his book is for the use especially of "Catholic teachers and Catholic students in Catholic schools." By the correlation of literature and religion he sees a great possibility of making both subjects more interesting and more profitable to the student.

We are told in the second chapter that, "Literature is a verbal portrait of life." Literature differs from journalism as a snap shot differs from a portrait. Journalism is true to life extrinsically but not intrinsically; literature is true to life intrinsically and not extrinsically.

"Human life is the stuff of which great books are made", says Brother Leo and how correct he is. No piece of writing can be expected to live as literature if it has not to do with human beings and if it is not extremely true to human nature. In other words, it must be true to life, for as Alexander Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man."

"Religion serves to explain and goes far toward interpreting many of the world's masterpieces." Again Brother Leo is right. Many times we cannot see the motive which prompted an author to write a certain book or we cannot see what the interpretation is behind the dress of words. If in such a case we turn to our religion we are almost certain to find a satisfactory explanation. Take Dante's "Divina Commedia," for instance. Here we see a seemingly absurd fairy tale but upon closer inspection and with the aid of religion we begin to see that behind the beauty and majesty of it all there is a motive and a wonderful moral. Religion is the dynamic power behind it.

Striking at the very core of his subject Brother Leo tells us that literature is beauty, literature is knowledge and literature is power. Beauty, because it reflects, although imperfectly, the sublime beauty of God. Knowledge, because literature purges us of the all that is non-essential, it gives us a greater degree of self-knowledge and it makes for honesty. Power, because after the creating of God the creating of a book comes next. Also because the reading and the appreciation of a great book is inducive to greater self-mastery and that in turn makes for prestige over our fellow-man.

"Religion and literature have, indeed, so many things in common and touch life simultaneously at so many points that they have been sometimes thought to be identical, or at least certain manifestations of religion and certain forms of literature have been assumed to be but one and the same thing."

"No really great poem ever came into existence that lacked a pronounced religious element; the finest and rarest and most sublime expressions of the religious spirit very frequently take poetic form." Since poetry is an interpretation of life and religion is the most important thing in life, how can a great poem be written without having a pronounced religious element? Brother Leo has clearly perceived this fact and has expounded upon the subject in an edifying manner in his chapter on "Religion and Poetry."

Religion and the drama is also taken up and we are let to see clearly that the world's greatest dramatic productions have a close relation to religion. Calderon, Shakespeare and Schiller seemed to realize this, for in all of their best plays we see the religious influence dominating.

"Of all forms of literature, the novel is the most literal and intimate in its portrayal of life", says Brother Leo. In this form of writing a greater field extends before the writer; he has a wider variety of subjects and a more varied manner of presenting his work. "In its scope as broad as humanity and in its elastic technique capable of reproducing the vaguest thought of the human mind and the most evanescent emotion of the human heart, prose fiction has educational and cultural possibilities difficult to realize, impossible to overestimate."

The style of Brother Leo is in this book, as in all the other of his works, clear, simple and lucid. No one can be guilty of the sin of falling asleep over his lines for in each paragraph there is a punch and a vim that makes its reading a pleasure.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND"

By William J. Locke

The "Beloved Vagabond" is a story of the life and wanderings of a Frenchman known as Paragot. The tale is related in the first person by the adopted son of this strange and apparently carefree wanderer. The manner in which the author unfolds the plot and reveals the noble, though very impulsive and eccentric character of the central figure, appeals strongly to the emotions, thus keeping the reader's interest at all times.

Through the entire story there runs a subtle humor which often comes to the surface in witty quotations and laughable situations. We cannot help but marvel at the unselfishness of Paragot and his love for the boy he has adopted: all his efforts are directed towards the education and betterment of this urchin whose faith in his master never falters. In late years when the boy, Asticot, becomes a talented painter and quite a philosopher, the old vagabond is happy in the thought that his efforts have produced good results. Even though Asticot is aware of many of the faults of his adopted father he never ceases to regard him as the greatest of all human beings, in many cases looking upon his master as someone supernatural.

The author gives us a good insight into his own philosophy of life throughout the book. He shows a wide experience and a deep knowledge of human nature, philosophy, history and languages. All through the book there are French quotations, and one not understanding this language loses much of the significance of the witty remarks.

The novel in parts is realistic but not naturalistic. There are a number of places in the book where the degraded in life is plainly discussed, but these conditions are not emphasized and consequently, do not play an important part in the work. The author shows his distaste for the naturalistic when through Paragot he criticizes the French writer, Zola.

On the whole the novel is an interesting story and a good psychological study. —ROBERT FARRELL '27

ALMA MATER

St. Mary's! much you've meant to me!
Throughout your years of giving;
You've strengthened me and made of me
A man with joy in living.

You gave to me ambitions great,
The courage for decision;
Your ideals fair became my own,
You've thrilled me with your vision.

And now, as through the yesterdays,
Your beauty I can see;
St. Mary's! May you grow and give
To others, as to me.

—T. COAKLEY, '28

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A Play of the Redemption

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ELTON LAWLESS

ED LORIGAN

PHOENIX BOW TO PORTLAND

On Sunday, March 22, the Phoenix journeyed to San Jose only to be meted out a 9 to 3 beating. The boys could not stand the three hard games in one week it seems.

Leo Rooney pitched a stellar game and the Northern Club managed to gather only seven hits. Red Strader caught his usual consistent game, besides hanging up two hits for himself. Captain Al Westlake, likewise gathered two good hits. However three costly errors swelled the Portland score.

Last Sunday's defeat is one which was practically inevitable. Leo Rooney pitched a splendid game, but the boys had too much baseball in one week. Saturday's hard fought affair at the Stadium was enough to take the starch out of any team.

Albie Farrell was given his chance at short stop in the Portland game. He did not play the entire nine innings, but Coach Madigan is sure he has given Albie the necessary confidence by starting him against a strong club.

"I have known many a smart man," says Charlie, "who couldn't decline a verb, but never a smart man who couldn't decline a drink."

Lou: "Good Lord, old man, you look as if you had just committed murder."

Fe: "I have. Just killed a Bottle of Gin."

Professor "O": "Doyle, what three words do college men use most?"

Lorry: "I don't know."

Professor "O": "That's right, sit down.

Barney:"I went out to see my girl last night, but walked right on by."

Katrina "Didn't you even go in?"

Barney: "No. There was a car out in front with a sign on it. It said, Willys Knight."

THE TROUBLE IS— — —

This is the time when our mighty Seniors are beginning to realize that life is real, life is earnest and college is not its goal. The day is arriving which will be an acid test and proof that four years of training can mean something to him as an aid on the path of life.

Already some have encountered the abrupt spirit of hard executives who refuse to interview college graduates. Such executives generally pride themselves on being self-made men, and presume this qualification to be a prerequisite to business success.

Unfortunately, self-made men are often poor builders. In their refusal to consider college graduates, they merely reveal a narrowness. They are arguing against facts when they presume all collegians to be inefficiently trained for business. The trouble is—a distinction between training and education is not appreciated.

If large business wants men who are pregnant with possibilities, vision and their own impetus, let it call to the colleges. But if it simply demands mere automatons which can perform routine work with amazing machine-like efficiency, it may call any business school.

There is a vast difference.

—W. J. M.

———O———

Aunt: "Can you explain wireless telegraphy to me, Arthur?

Arthur: Well, if you had a very long dog, reachiing from London to Liverpool, and you trod on its tail in London, it would bark in Liverpool. That's telegraphy. And wireless is precisely the same, only without the dog.—Everybody's Magazine.

———O———

Dear Old Lady (buying a parrot)—Does it swear?

Dealer—Well, no lady, it don't. But if you care to spring another 50 cents I've gote one that does.—Punch.

Humor

DAVID WYNNE

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, Camp Commander, came to the gate after taps had been sounded and demanded admission. The Sentry objected.

"But, my dear young man, you don't understand," expostulated the elder woman, "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the 'cat's whiskers'," retorted the Sentry, "You don't get in at this hour."

* * * *

Collins: "I don't like the ring of this half-dollar."

Loringan: "What do you want for fifty cents, a peal of bells?"

* * * *

Biggs: "Know anything about India?"

Tinney: "Delhi is the word you want, I solved that one last night."

* * * *

A man was spending a night in a small southern town, and when going to his room for the night, he told the porter he wanted to be called early in the morning.

"Say, Boss," replied the porter, "I reckon yo' ain't familiar wid dese heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin all yo' has to do is to press de button at the head of yo' bed, den we comes up and calls yo'."

Larry: "There is but one honest business."

Lou: "What is that?"

Larry: "I knew you didn't know."

* * * *

"Does my question embarrass you?" inquired the Prof.

"Not at all, Sir," answered Imperial. "The question is perfectly clear; it's the answer that's puzzling me."

* * * *

Leo: "Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"

Ama: "No, why?"

Leo: "Then let me carry your umbrella."

* * * *

There is no time like the pleasant.

* * * *

"Hey, you! Don't stop your car in front of my horse."

"Don't worry. I know the rules—don't park in front of a plug."

* * * *

Tom: "Brother just gave me a mean look."

Fe: "Gwan, you've always looked like that."

* * * *

Ralph: "What time is it?"

Walt: "Quarter to one."

Ralph: "Holy Mackerel, I've walked three miles trying to kill the noon hour and it isn't dead yet."

SUMMER POETRY
and—Summer not.

To be good I shall write a few lines,
Which I hope you will receive in your minds;
For to write these few well,
To you all I will tell
Is a thing which takes thought and designs.

There was an old school called the brick pile,
The height of its walls were a mile,
And they got dynamite,
And gave it a light,
But the walls only cracked a big smile.

There was a young freshman named White,
He, poetry surely could write,
Brother Henry said, "Great!"
But the student said, "Wait,"
I'll see if I copied it right.

I know a young fellow called Clark
At lessons he is really a "Shark."
In History he'll go
Ten pages or so
When asked but to give a remark.

—M. T. LIMERICKS

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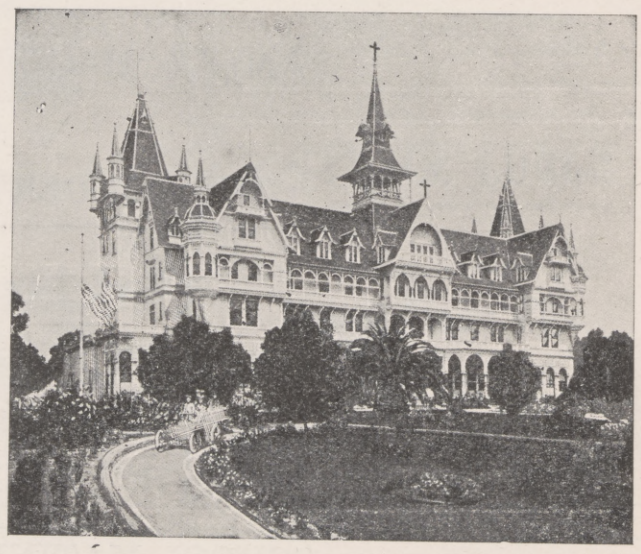

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